

PURPLE PARROT

VOLUME XXIV

NUMBER 1



OCTOBER
1 9 4 4



Mm-hm...we thought you'd go all wide-eyed over Kay Christopher's trigger-trim suit. Grey mens wear flannel from Moderately Priced Suits, 45.00. Cloche, 3.95. Fourth Floor Hat Bar.

Oops!...watch that footwork...we wouldn't want Christopher Allen to take a ducking in those grey flannel slacks, 9.95. Jerkin, 7.95; blouse, 8.95. That's Marjorie Voigt in the plaid jacket, 22.95. Skirt, 9.95; angora sweater, 9.95. Casual Clothes Shop. CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO



CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO

532436



Betty Bond takes such a gay-blade attitude toward gloomy weather...daring it to drizzle, in her sleek little raincoat from the Casual Clothes Shop. Grey weather-proofed rayon, 29.95. CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO

Letters to the Editors

Editors
Purple Parrot,
Scott Hall

"Read and wince" should be your publication's motto, Ladies. I have punished myself in reading through your six issues for the school year '43-'44 and now I am asking myself why I should bother. It should be none of my business if Northwestern University lets its students play games....we women must have something to do while the boys are away winning the war, mustn't we? Why then do I bother? Well, I was a green freshman once upon a time and I can take pity on those who will follow me.

But there is some hope, if only the editors can at least speak the English language. Why don't you try and aim to give your mag a good, solid basis with a definite purpose. You might be surprised to find some of the best Magazine sequence J-school students will take an interest. Have you ever thought of publicly offering and inviting anyone in the school and not on your staff the chance to contribute? The competition might serve to wake up that sweetly sleeping staff of yours,

Respectfully yours...

would be a farce considering you have done nothing to rouse my respect...and I'll be damned if ever I'll be

Yours...
a Sophomore

*Dear Magazine Sequence J-School Student,
To be sure, there is some hope. We admit that individually our English is rather broken, but together we seem to manage fairly well. That is, unless our ire has been aroused to the point where—well—porque nao a senhoriaha va e fuma o seu cachimbo!*

The Editors.

(Continued on page 30)

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VOL. XXIV, NO. 1

OCTOBER, 1944

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NORTHWESTERN



● "This is the last stop," said the white haired conductor, pulling the sight-seeing bus up to the curb, next to a tall iron fence. The passengers got out and peered curiously through the palings, across an expanse of thick, uncut grass and weeds, toward a group of old buildings, whose broken windows and sagging steps showed the neglect of years.

"What is this place?" said the passenger nearest the conductor. He was a thin, stoop-shouldered young man in a Brooks Brothers suit, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and carrying a green book-bag. He was a Harvard man.

"This," said the conductor, a faint note of pride coming into his cracked voice, "was once the site of the great Northwestern University. As an educational institution, it—"

"Never heard of it," said the Harvard man, crisply. "What became of it?"

The conductor shoved his cap to the back of his head. "That," he said, "is a very sad story." And the other passengers crowded around...

On a certain Friday afternoon,

the promotion manager of the Daily sat at a desk in the Daily office, an ash tray full of cigarette stubs and a half finished coke in front of her. She was thinking. In fact, she was beating her brains out. Presently the door opened.

"Hello, P. J.," said the sports editor, flashing her Jess-a-minute personality smile. "Why the sad-sack expression, old shoe? You look like you'd just lost your last en-

sign." "Worse," said P. J. "The Daily advertising has been conspicuous by its absence for three straight months. I've got this afternoon to think up a scheme for selling this damned rag. The editorial board meets tonight, and if I don't come across, I'm canned. Know what that means?"

"Sure," said the Daily worker. "That puts you one behind the Chi Omega candidate for Girl-With-The-Most-Activities."

"Check," said P. J. bitterly. "So if you get any brain waves within the next five minutes, they'll be so welcome."

"Start a campaign to discover the next Frank Sinatra."

"Who in hell wants the next Frank Sinatra?"

"How about running a beauty contest?"

"Oh nuts, we've got too many of those already." P. J. stuck an impeccably loafered-and-bobby-socked foot upon the desk and glared at it.

"Besides," she added, "girls don't like to compete in a beauty contest unless there are men to vote, and there are no men left here except

for the faculty." The foot lowered itself slowly to the office floor. "The faculty," said P. J. softly, and watched, awe-struck, the opening vistas of thought. . . .

REMARKABLE NEW BEAUTY CONTEST SPONSORED BY DAILY NORTHWESTERN

Faculty to Make Their Choice of Most Beautiful Co-ed

A new kind of beauty contest will be opened in the next issue of the Daily, it was announced today by business manager Riorita Ronald. In this contest, members of the faculty will vote in a general ballot for their individual choice as to the most beautiful girl student on campus. Deans of the schools will be excluded from the first balloting, and will constitute a judging committee to pick the winner from the five top girls chosen in the faculty vote. First prize in the contest will be a full scholarship. Second prize will be a new dress, of the prize-winner's choice, from Best & Company.

President Franklin Snyder, when interviewed about the proposed contest, gave his hearty approval. "It's the sort of thing I've been waiting for, and I shall be honored to cast my vote," he said. "It's about time we oldsters were let in on a little of the fun."

"This will show the other universities what N. U. is made of," added the president.

MARSHALL FIELD &
COMPANY SELLS
OUT LIPSTICK

"Ruthie!" screamed Nancy Ber-

for Its Pretty Girls

by Clariss Ross



hardt, sticking her head out of the shower in the third-floor john of the Theta house. "Will you lend me your good girdle? I've got a conference with Mr. Netherby in ten minutes. Maybe I can get a vote out of him."

"I guess so," Ruthie said. She was a little bored with the whole thing. She was cross-eyed and had a seven-point.

"Do you know what?" said a tall brunette who was standing by the mirror. "I thought I'd go and have a little talk with my adviser today, just about—well—things in general. And I had to wait in line for two hours. Every other girl he advises suddenly developed a program conflict!"

"Damn it!" yelled a girl's voice down the hall. "I just ran my last nylons, and I sit in the front row in econ!"

FAYERWEATHER COALITION SUSPECTED

"How's it going, Chuck?" said Dynamic Don, breezing into Dean Ballen's office.

"Oh God," said that official, wiping his forehead with a damp hand-

kerchief. "Don't look so cheerful. Another day of this and I'm going home with a nervous breakdown. Look!" He gestured dramatically toward the next room, where four telephone girls were hard at work and a man was putting in another phone. "Five new extensions I've had to have put in in the past week. Everybody calls me up about everything. You'd think I was running the damned contest. Fifteen instructors showed up in their classes with black-eyes today. Life magazine wants permission to photograph the polling places. The Morris B. Sachs Amateur Hour wants our three most popular professors to say a few words on their program. And you ask me how's it going!"

"Dean Ballen," said Mr. Plier, hurrying in. "You've got to tell me what to do. I've lost complete control of the English Department. I can't get them together for a meeting."

"Why not?" said Ballen. "What're they doing?"

"They're all out, standing in front of the rock."

"They're what?"

"Standing in front of the rock. Some of them are sitting. On their bicycles." Mr. Plier shook his head, and left the room, talking to himself.

"Dean Ballen. Dean Ballen!" A guttural German voice resounded through the room.

"Yes, Dr. Schlipp?"

"I hereby resign from the faculty of this institution!"

"What is your complaint, Dr. Schlipp?"

"My complaint is that I have been insulted. My colleague—my ex-colleague—Dr. Schlob, had the effrontery to infer that I cast my vote for the charming and brilliant Miss Marilyn Bolden for causes unethical and un-Platonic. I refuse to have further association with such petty maligners!"

"See what I mean?" said Ballen, as Schlipp slammed the door. "I can't take it."

"Dean Ballen," called one of the telephone girls. "the president of the alumni association wants to speak to you on a very important matter. Something to do with the—"

"Tell him I've left for China," howled Ballen, and departed for the men's room.

TORCHLIGHT PARADE ENDS IN RIOT

"P.J., my love," cried Riorita Ronald, plowing through smoke and bodies in the Daily office, "we've sold out! We're reprinting! The Library of Congress wants a special edition, bound in white velvet! Four patent lawyers have offered us their services to copyright the idea! Newspaper history is being made."

"Say, what're you doing here anyway? Thought you had math this period."

"I did. We walked out. He was handing back papers, and he *smiled* at an independent. Do we stand for that? We do not. We strike!" She banged her books on the desk by way of emphasis.

The telephone rang insistently, (Continued on page 26)



THE AMERICAN WAY



by Patty Hager



SCENE: A radio studio. An impeccable announcer is just beginning the program.

ANNOUNCER: Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We open our program with the popular James brothers, who will bring you a musical word from our sponsor. Folks, meet William, Harry, Henry, Will, Saroyan, Hemmingway, and Jessie James.

(Seven men, chained together are led in. An usher prods them with a stick, and they begin to sing to the tune of "Ta Ra Ra Boom Da Ray.")

*Slurp, snackle, boom and pop,
Pour lots of cream on top,
Then let it drench the glop.
You're eating Munchies!*

*If breakfast gets you down,
Don't just go out and drown,
They sell 'em in your town,
Everyone loves Munchies!*

Dunchie's—Munchie—Wunchies—Cru-uhn-chies!
(Suddenly, the James brothers break apart, their chains snapped, and, brandishing clubs, beat the guards and all available announcers into insensibility. Then they walk over to the microphone.)

JESSIE: God almighty, thought we'd never git loose.
Tell you what, Will, the West was never like this hyar place. Why I remember—

(He walks with Will over to the corner, and, pulling out a deck of marked cards, starts playing poker.)

HENRY: When they make us sing (and yet not sing) rather chanting in a singing intonation, I somehow note, and yet note on their leering, snarling faces, that is eyes, nose and mouth, a certain reluctance, nay even a dreadful loathing which they try to conceal in hiding by skillfully feigning a virtue not in the least native to them.

WILLIAM: What is your criterion for this loathing?
Our sponsors are undoubtedly human themselves.

JESSIE: Eight clubs.

SAROYAN: Whatever they are, they're people. People,

people everywhere, everyone a brother, everyone a son—sister—father—mother—cousin—

HEMMINGWAY: And yet, when they prod me with that stick, I feel compelled to sing. I feel the hardness, the hardness all around me—around me in the now, now—here, here—now here, now this present—una cerveza—the floating hardness of the stick and now the sticky hardness of the now now stick.

(They leave suddenly for the new Post Office building, Chicago, 7, Ill.)

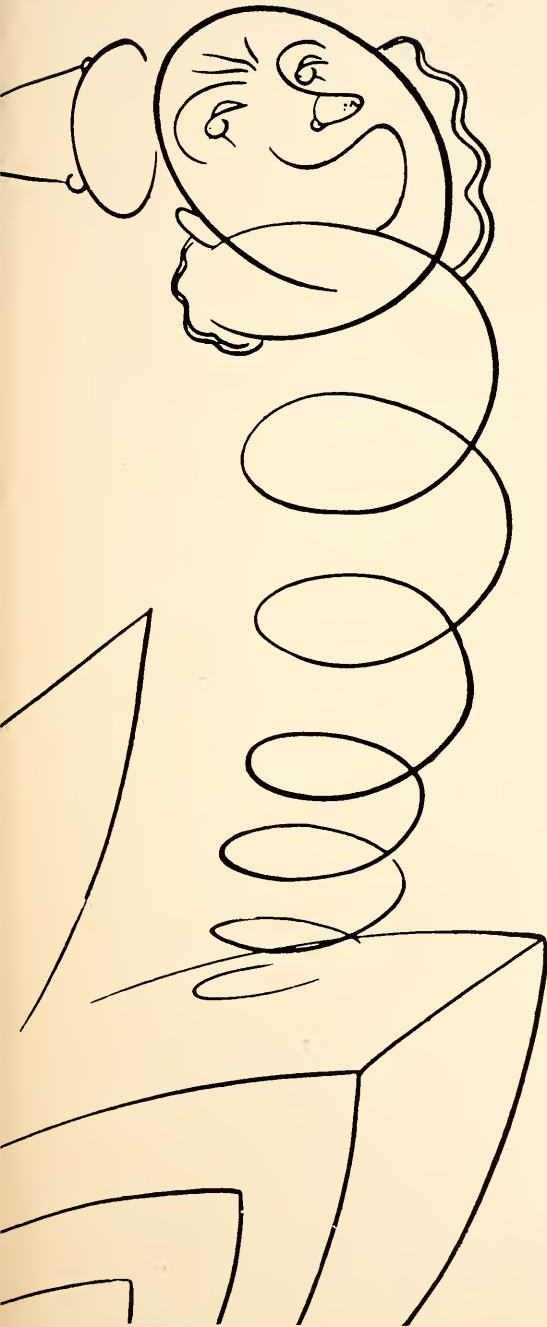
ANNOUNCER: Sorry, folks, for the interruption. We lose more singers that way. And now we come to the most important part of the program, the telephone interlude. We play a selection, and then call a number at random. And if the lucky person who answers can tell us what selection we just played, we will send them the jackpot we have accumulated, which is by now \$17,642.38. Are you ready?

(He plays two bars of "Sam You Made the Pants Too Long," and then stops.)

ANNOUNCER: I will now call.—Operator, I want COTtage Cheese 7777.—I hear them ringing, they're ringing. Ladies and gentlemen, they're ringing. Ah yes—Is this Mr. Horatio Algae? Well, this is The Illuminated Hour, and we have \$17,642.38 for you if you can tell us what selection we just played. You can't? Aren't you listening to the radio? You're listening to the Symphonic Hour? Now aren't you ashamed of yourself. Well, I'm sorry—I'll bet you could have used that money.—You say your wife was just hit by a fire engine—your five children have leprosy—and your grandmother fell off the runway at Minsky's yesterday? Well, that's tough, Mr. Algae, that's just tough. Too bad about that big fat \$17,642.38, isn't it? That'll lern ya, dern ya, not to listen to our program, huh? (He hangs up.) Well, folks, I guess that shoots our jackpot total up to \$17,642.39. Be sure to listen tomorrow, because tomorrow, and tomorrow only, we will offer our lucky listener, in addition to the \$17,642.39 a genuine Pyroflex glow-in-the-dark denture, either upper or lower, as the winner desires. A slight manufacturer's cost will be deducted from the prize money for partial plates.



Such a Good Boy



THE TRICYCLE bumped off the curb onto the street and was pulled across Washington Square South by Mrs. Johnson. Her other hand firmly grasped the fingers of her son David, so intent on reaching the park that he forgot to make his usual jump over the hole in the pavement.

The trees were still green, but the grass was beginning to hint of autumn, and the open tops of the Fifth Avenue buses in the distance were no longer crowded with summer sightseers. Mrs. Johnson led David to a bench facing the path which hugged a round clump of trees, and sat down.

"David, you may ride around the circle, but don't wander away where mother can't see you."

He swung himself onto the saddle, as he'd seen the big boys do and started the pedals moving. Mrs. Johnson, watching him, admired his dark hair and fair skin. "Just like Dick's," she thought.

She felt the boards of the bench signal a new arrival, and turned her head to see a young woman in a yellow sweater watching David.

"Is that your son? He's awfully cute, but how do you manage to keep a boy that age so neat? My youngster always looks like the 'before' in a Fels Naptha ad."

"David is very good. He knows I haven't time to scrub overalls and dirty knees. You see, his father is in New Guinea."

The park bench had again worked as a catalyst, releasing confidences and speeding up the process of getting acquainted.

"He's been in New Guinea two years now. David was just a baby . . ." She smiled sheepishly. "Dick says he wants to wear a brown tweed suit, stretch his legs in front of the fireplace, and never move again when he gets back."

"Johnny says the same thing, but he wants a blue suit, tailored just for him. He's in Italy now, and I suppose a foxhole doesn't help the crease in the pants

any." She looked across the top of the trees to the reddish-brown front of the Hotel Holley, and beyond its flat roof to the greys and blacks that were the Village, and a line of poetry kept running through her head. "I remember, I remember the house where I . . ."

She made the blurred outlines of reality come into focus as Mrs. Johnson murmured, "I want him to find his world just the way he left it. I haven't even bought new curtains or fixed the burn in the rug—or sold David's crib." Mrs. Johnson stopped twisting the ring on her finger and watched her son. The lady in yellow forced herself to concentrate on the red and chromium tricycle.

David was a cowboy, rounding up cattle on the wide open range. He headed for the flock of pigeons pecking at bread crumbs in the gravel, and mercilessly made them stampede. They flapped themselves into the air just as he reached the curve in the path that led around the clump of trees. Now he was a dive bomber leaning to one side and zipping one wheel off the ground, swooping and zooming at the sound of the traffic beyond the grass. The traffic was the German airforce, the airforce that was wiped out with the help of his swift plane and the red light.

Around the curve, David slid forward on the seat and very slowly pedalled, standing up. He stopped to contemplate an organdy-entombed baby, perched high on pillows in a black pram. One foot resting on the looped wire fence, he kept his eyes on the tiny face within the frilly bonnet, and watched with amazement the contraction of the cheeks as the baby sucked her thumb.

Then he remembered he was a pirate, off to find some hidden treasure, and he crouched over the handlebars, and pedalled into the wind. Gleaming in the distance was a mountain of gold, and he headed straight for it, down another path, forgetting to complete the circle.

Cleverly he steered toward the loot muttering "You'll have to walk the plank if we don't capture that ship," to his stalwart crew. He skidded to a stop alongside the yellow ice cream cart, and ordered his men to load the treasure onto the deck. Someone bought a chocolate-covered pop, and the clink of the nickel reminded him that his phantom crew would be of little use to him in this situation. He pushed off toward his mother, pedalling as fast as he could, and wondering if he could persuade her to give him two nickels—one ice cream for himself, and one for his crew.

Just as he was trying to decide whether or not Black Tom, who rode the left handlebar, really deserved a share of the booty, his mother's nervous voice made him slow down.

"David, you disobeyed me. You rode off where mother couldn't see you, and she and this nice lady were very worried. You may ride your tricycle from this bench to the next, but no further."

Dutifully, David began to pedal. The ice cream cart was an ice cream cart, the gravel path was a gravel path. Eight pedals to the man with the paper, turn, and eight pedals back to mother. He remembered how tough it had been for him to get the bike, when Tommy on the next block had had his for months. His mother never wanted him to do anything new. Eight pedals to the man with. . . .

"He's such a *good* boy," the lady in yellow murmured.

Mrs. Johnson smiled in triumph as she carefully folded David's light blue sweater.

Has anybody found my HKA pin?

Justine Miller

EDITORS' NOTE: *The DAILY* charges \$.50
an insertion. This is free.

J. M.

Strife Goes



To a Party!

By the Poetry Editor

*Shouting and damning and voting blends
in,
With the sisters agreeing to a formal that
ends in*

*A mass degeneration to sub-morality,
When all are attired in strict formality.*

BECAUSE of their youthful and natural desire to escape the rigors of heavy class schedules and the tragic world situation,¹ sororities on this campus are fond of giving formals at least once before graduation.² Since many lovely Northwestern traditions³ are being honored again this year, a discourse on formals seems appropriate.

Let us take a fictitious sorority and follow one of their formals from its origin to its conclusion. For our treatise, we shall call the sorority Beta Mata Cry.⁴

Having conducted a careful survey we find there are 19 steps in planning a sorority formal:

(1) Member suggests the affair be held.

(2) Treasurer jumps up and says sorority finances won't permit.

(3) Senior says that if she has been paying Parlor Tax for four

years they can at least work a little, miserable formal¹ into the Budget.

(4) Junior pinned to S.O.B.² says she's against having formal. "I certainly don't see why we girls who are really in love have to pay the \$8.40 fine if we don't go. And anyway the only two boys I would even consider going out with are standing watch that night."

(5) Pledge trainer rises: "But, kids, think of the pledges. They deserve this little taste³ of college life and formals and things."

(6) Sophomore Council member: "But that's a closed date, the Council is planning . . ."

(7) Question put to chapter: "How many sophomorees would rather go to a stupid old pep rally than to their own Beta Mata Cry formal?"

(8) Mutterings: "Aw let them go to their old rally."

(9) WSGA representative: "Mrs. McCann said . . ."

(10) Member asks if chapter is ready for the vote.

(11)irate member (vice-chairman of Sixth War Bond Drive⁴) ignoring parliamentary procedure⁵: "I think it is perfectly ridiculous and VERY unpatriotic to spend all this money when ninety percent of the girls will have to take blind dates."

(12) Equally irate member: "That's a fine thing to say about your own sisters! There'll be plenty of girls with dates. There's Sue and Norma, and . . . and . . ." her voice trails off. She sits down.

(13) Pledge Trainer: "Besides, kids, that new pledge's father knows a j.g. at Glenview and he could get at least 68 men for his own friend's own daughter's sisters."

(14) First Member: "I call for the vote."

(15) The vote is taken.

(16) Three revotes taken. Recording secretary collapses.

(17) Motion carried.

(18) Social Chairman asks for volunteers for clean-up committee.

(19) Decide not to waste chap-

(Continued on page 24)

¹Grill closes at 7 p. m. on weekdays.

²Graduation dates for the Academic year '44-'45: Dec., 1944, March, 1945, June, 1945, Aug., 1945. Graduation on Chicago campus based on semester system but to be included on sorority social calendar.

³Cap Lighting, Home Burning, etc.

⁴That's merely ach, ach, ach backwards.

¹Cost—approximately \$812.03 to be taken from Foster Parents of America and Miscellaneous Fund.

²That's merely B.O.S. backwards. Don't be evil minded.

³"Don't say 'Bitters', say 'Angastora Bitters'."

⁴Total collection for this drive amounted to \$4,000.80. Specified amount having been turned over to SGB, total assets at present, \$80.

⁵Was defeated in Spring election for office of parliamentarian by a vote of 12-31, a quorum being present at the time.



Mike Mandish, like all service men, has an interest in this election . . .

by a Republican

MY WEIGHING of the issues of this election has been very different than it was four years ago. It isn't that my political views have changed, but rather that they have a different foundation—different values have assumed primary importance in making my voting decisions. Some might say that I've become an idealist, but I don't think so. Perhaps it's the war, perhaps it's the nearer prospect of a return to peacetime, or perhaps it's me—the fact that four years have gone by, that I've been away from home and in the Navy, that I've had more time to do real thinking on the subject.

Anyway, I've been examining our system of government in its fundamental aspects—what it really is underneath the confusing mass of statutes, bureaus, OPA's, farm and labor blocs, and NLRB's. I have decided that my high school civics teacher was right when he told us that in our American system the government is merely a tool of the people. The ultimate power rests with us, and we delegate it—not give it—to the officials we elect. But when an administration is bad the voters can throw it out, and government goes right on. We do not have to depend upon any one person for governing. No one person makes our decisions for us—we do; and thus no one person can become indispensable.

To apply this to the present situation, Mr. Roosevelt has held office for twelve years, but his twelve years of service have not made him indispensable. He himself, in fact, endorses changing horses in his constant changes of important department heads—and even of vice presidents.

NOW OUR

Too, with a new president, and a new president such as Mr. Dewey, will come new ideas, new blood, and a revitalized administration. When a chief executive has held office for a long period of years his theories become decadent and his country moves past him. This is why I am against a fourth term, and, for that matter, was against a third.

Mr. Dewey is young; his is a fresh viewpoint, and he has already shown his intention of retaining the better of Mr. Roosevelt's measures. It cannot be denied that, with this fresh viewpoint, he could inject many new and highly profitable ideas.

Mr. Dewey's record as governor of New York proves that he could revitalize the tired administration. Each of his predecessors in the post had added to the state's debt, but when Dewey came into office he slashed through red tape, threw out useless departments, and completely reorganized the outmoded state administration. Today New York has what is probably the most efficient and progressive state government in the nation. And with all its progress in every field, it is now debt free.

Many fourth term supporters point at the depression as a result of a Republican administration, but economists agree that the depression, as every other, was the product of the business cycle. And Mr. Roosevelt has done little toward conquering it—not when there were ten million unemployed until the outbreak of the war. Rather, his befuddled domestic policy retarded the normal swing back to prosperity. And inasmuch as our next president will have the difficult task of leading our country back to a sound peacetime policy, it is imperative that we have a man with a sound domestic policy.

When I vote for Tom Dewey on November 7, I will be voting for a man who has raised himself to his present position by his own labor and ingenuity—a man who is young, aggressive, and forceful—a man who has something to offer.

IT'S TERM

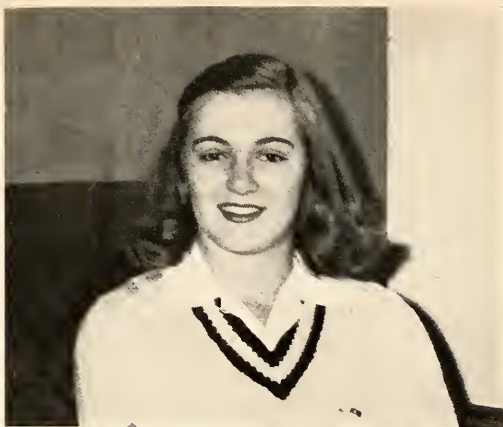
WHY VOTE for Roosevelt? "Why"—asked with an air of surprise, of downright disbelief, or in a menacing tone is the inevitable response one gets when he says, as I do, that he would cast his vote for Roosevelt in the coming election.

The man who spoke before a group of Evanston's Republican women last year had an answer. He told them that they could not expect a generation of young voters who had grown to voting age without the unspeakably beautiful experience of having lived under a Republican administration to appreciate, much less vote for, the Republican party.

Admittedly, I am one of that unfortunate generation but, although I have lived twelve of my twenty years under a Democratic regime, I am not unfamiliar with the record of the Republican party. Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were not so easily forgotten. In twelve years, however, even the remembrance of men such as those can become softened. It is especially easy to forget them when the present Republican candidate is having his life and character so attractively constructed in the popular magazines.

We may reasonably assume that the next four years will bring the end of the war. They will certainly be years during which the seeds of a lasting peace or of a World War III will be planted. The situation clearly calls for a leader with a knowledge of statesmanship and, above all, for a leader with vision. Dewey's knowledge of statesmanship resides with John Foster Dulles. His lack of vision was apparent in 1940 when he was unable to see the war coming. On the other hand, Roosevelt's knowledge of world problems, his experience in dealing with them and his personal acquaintance with world leaders qualify him admirably for the job.

Perhaps more important to know is the attitude of the two candidates toward world co-operation. It must not be assumed that we can divorce the party policies from the individual attitudes of the candidates in this matter. Dewey is the representative of the Republican party—a party which promises to obstruct attempts at full world co-operation. They favor a high protective tariff, oppose an international exchange stabilization fund and an international bank, and have been conspicuous in their stand for the ratification of trade treaties by Congress. The ruling elements of the party have definite isolationist leanings which cannot possibly be construed to mean anything but a hindrance to effective peace.



War Bride Robin Babbe, watches the campaign and questions party platforms.

by a Democrat

At the same time that we must seek a successful peace settlement we must also give attention to the continuation of progressive legislation in this country. We have made great advances toward the realization of democratic goals during the past twelve years but much remains to be accomplished in the areas of housing, education, social security and agriculture. The problem of racial discrimination can no longer be stifled. Republicans evidently found it expedient to endorse many New Deal reforms in their platform. However, they have an almost unbroken record of opposition to progressive measures in Congress. The soldier vote, federal aid to education and farm subsidies are a few of the recent measures which they have fought.

The progressive element in their party threw in the sponge at the convention last summer and, as a result, those interests which backed Roosevelt's three predecessors are even more strongly entrenched in the party power positions today. Those interests do not, in my opinion, represent the attitudes which I believe are necessary to carry us safely through the next four years.

I do not intend to represent the Democratic party as being devoid of serious faults. The attitudes of some of the Southern Democrats are hardly a source of pride and political machines were never worse than they are within the Democratic party. In many respects the administration of the past twelve years has been confused and extravagant.

Those facts assume secondary importance, however, when I consider the important needs of the country during the next four years—namely: a foreign policy which will permit us the fullest co-operation with other nations in stabilizing the post-war world and a domestic policy which will allow us to extend the program of social reforms initiated in the past twelve years. Despite its faults, the Democratic party seems to offer the better means of attaining those objectives. That is why I would vote for Roosevelt on November 7.



LINES

TO A MICROSCOPIC BOTANICAL SPECIMEN

O little phycomycete plate.

Is it my melancholy fate,

Five times a week at any rate,

To watch you as you undulate.

While oozing hyphae conjugate,

As your prolific gametes mate?

Behind the classroom's awesome door,

Am I to steep myself in lore

Concerning your sporangiophor?

Must I with industry explore

Your clammy wonders by the score

And annotate your zygospore?

O crass deception through and through

That "General Botany" brings few

Fair, fragrant blossoms in review!

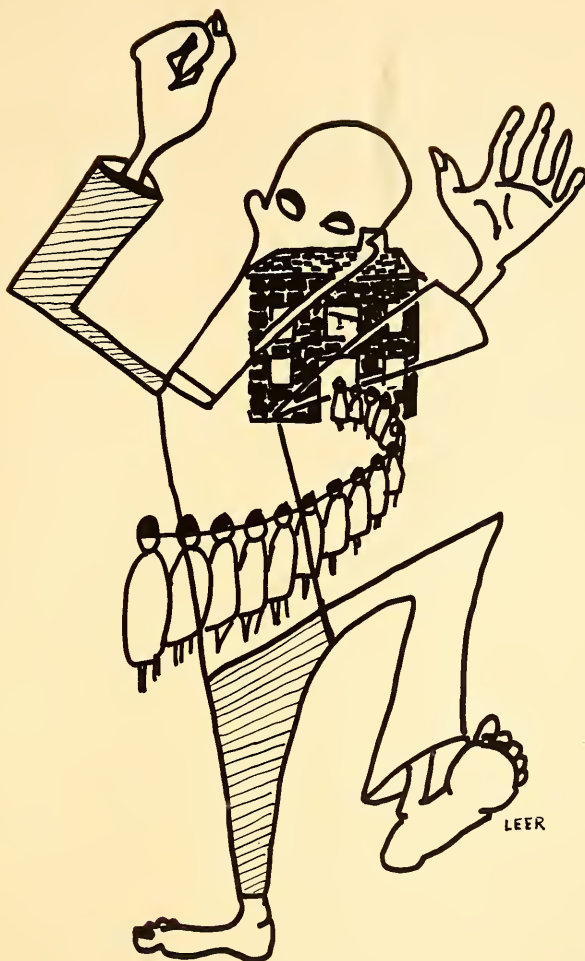
Instead of roses, washed with dew,

Rhizopus Nigrans, I get you,

My scientific Waterloo!

Gloria Love '47





a hundred thousand people stood outside the house where merriment was rife and stomped their feet, and bellowed back and forth about the cost of living, and of Life—G. P.

COMMENTARY BY FAMOUS PEOPLE ON ABOVE CARTOON

Roosevelt says: "Best damn cartoon I ever seen."

Dewey says: "Awful fine drawing and poem."

F. P. Adams says: "By all means, there's nothing like a cartoon by LEER."

Claire Booth Loose says: "I'd run it for congress."

Miller says: "God, it's good."

Rogers says: "God."

God says: "##?#!☆!##*."

Trim, Slim . . .

Jo Anne Jenkins, waiting for her major letterman Harker, is all set in a lime green wool dress, belted in leopard, \$35.00. Headlining the date is a hat of leopard fur, \$29.50. The final touches are her black bag and gloves each at \$3.95.





and Dateable.

At tea with Shirley Soffel (left) and Cherie Gist (right) in black crepe and pearls. Shirley's basic black dress features the new straight neckline and wrist-fitting sleeves, \$25. Behind her, curls is a hat of black felt topped by aqua ostrich feathers. Cherie wears a side drape dress, hip and neckline pleated, \$29.95. A forward fitting ostrich bumper honors her upsweep, \$12.95.

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ARSENIC AN



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OLD HASH

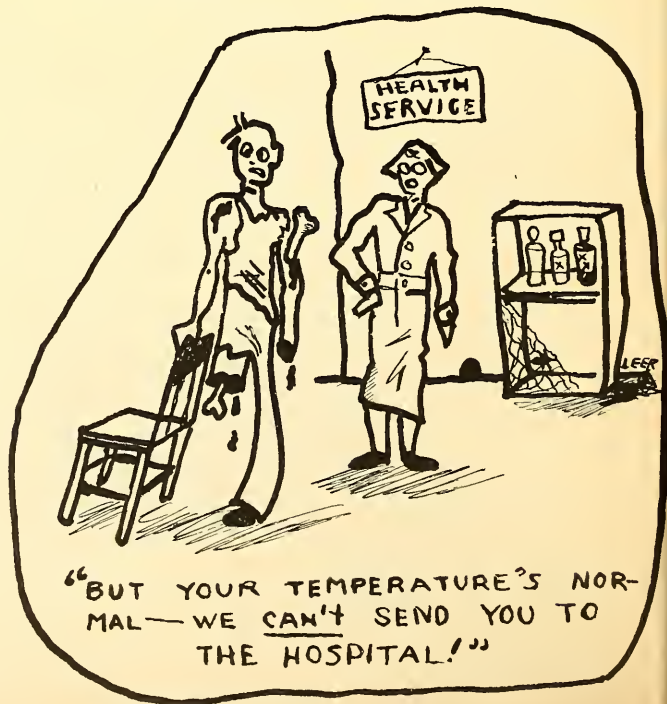
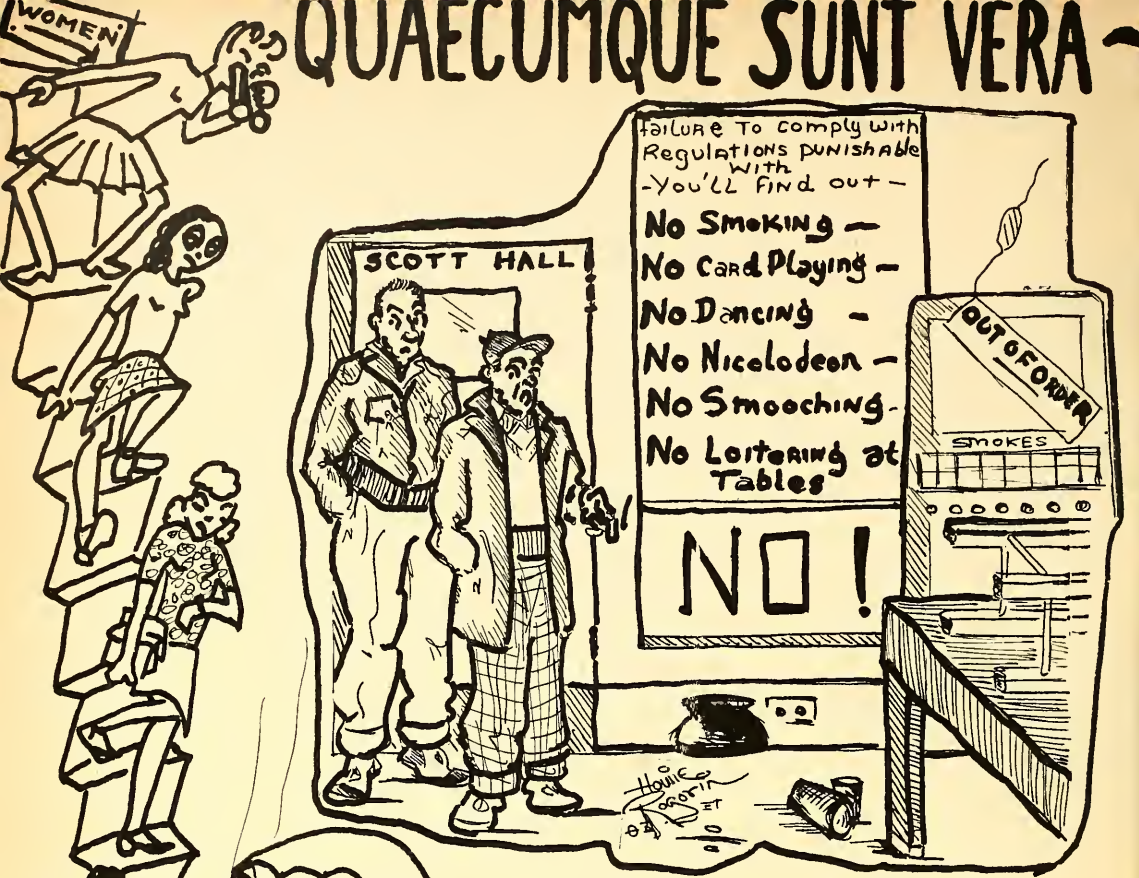


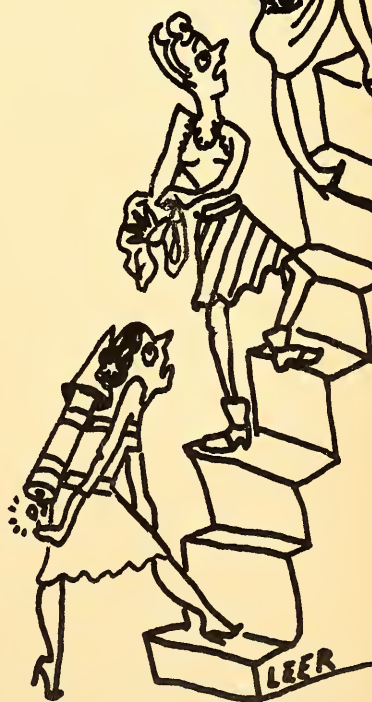
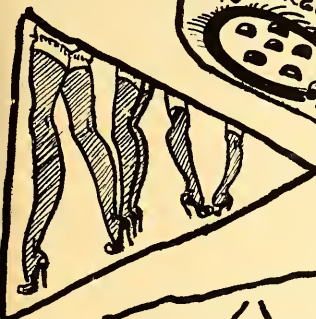
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QUAECUMQUE SUNT VERA -

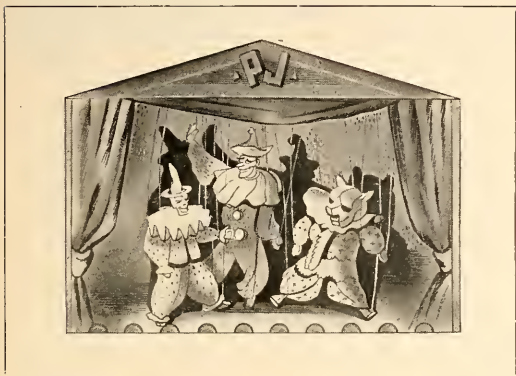






Slobian Opera ...

by Donald Bryce Thompson



SOME time ago, while searching the dusty archives of the Haffenbach museum, I ran across the records of the opera movement in that little Kingdom known as Slobania. The Slobs were great music lovers and this quaint nation had some very intriguing customs.

The Slobs orchestra for example, was unique. Its instrumentation was as follows: 33 strings, 3 flutes, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 3 bassoons, 3 trumpets, 3 french horns, 3 trombones, 3 bass tubas, and 3 conductors. The percussion was supplied entirely by 85 muted bagpipes and a chorus of 100 imported Ubangi savages. The local Ubangi not having the required pear-shaped tone.

The most popular opera of the Slobs was "Murdlefan, Murdlefan, Corca Alma Blurp," in English the same. This delightful little comedy was composed by Giacomo Ezio Respianti Krud, with the libretto by the same (G.E.R.K.). The cast was quite simple, and consisted of the following: Princess Doussy—soprano. (In other manuscripts she was called Daisy or Drousy. Drousy is most likely as she frequently took naps. But according to some rare photographs she was known as

Daisy, and certainly was a doussy.) Haff, Prince of Goonia—tenor. Lardstone—Basso Profundo. (i.e. Profound Bass, generally lower than Bass Bass, also more profound, as in Basso Profundo. Webster) King Kong—baritone. Queen Glfhmd—silent. (pronounced Glfhmd. with the accent on the second syllable, as in Glfhmd. Webster) Halitosis—alto. Knights and Days of the court, and the producer's son. George, who carried a spear in the third act.

It was laid in Bulova during the time of the same name. According to the records the curtain ascended with a rush, and down again with a bigger rush. They weren't ready. After a few "What the Hells" from the stage manager, the show was off. So was the orchestra. The second time the opera was played there was no audience. They had forgotten to advertise. The plot of the opera follows in its rough form.

Act I. scene I. Prince Haff announces his intention of claiming the hand of Princess Doussy (Daisy, Droussy, or Droussy. Daisy?), whose hand was promised to him some time ago. He has a very large collection of well-preserved hands. He despatches a messenger to warn of his approach, which was really unnecessary as the wind was coming from his direction. This leads to his first Aria "Somebody Nose."

Scene II. The messenger arrives, King Kong is thunderstruck. When he comes to, an enterprising American sells him a lightning rod. The chorus enters singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" which is very discouraging to King Kong as he expected to enjoy a long reign. Princess Droussy (take your choice) enters followed by her faithful companion Halitosis. Both girls are very sad at Daisy's (it really doesn't matter) approaching marriage to Haff. This leads to a duet, "It Shouldn't Happen to Us," as King Kong slinks off stage with his lightning rod on his knee.

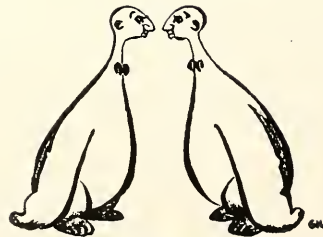
Act II, scene I. Lardstone appears in the courtyard of an inn where he is stable boy. He sings "Flowers Never Could Be Sweeter Than Thou" as he pushes his pitch fork into a pile of fertilizer. He is startled by the appearance of a face in the stable window. It is Doussy's (I give up) companion Halitosis disguised as a horse. She intends to tell Lardstone of a plot to outwit Haff at the marriage ceremony. They sing a duet "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Prince Haff You." The plot is unknown to the audience because it is whispered to Lardstone by Halitosis while the orchestra plays "Poor Miriam, Use Irium." When Lardstone comes to, he and Halitosis smile knowingly at each other as the curtain falls, killing Lardstone and Halitosis who were incidental to the plot anyway.



Scene II. Prince Haff arrives at King Kong's palace. He unexpectedly comes upon King Kong in the palace garden and shoots him. Haff had mistaken King Kong for King Kong, when it really wasn't King Kong, but King Kong as King Kong was already dead, but since King Kong was dead now that made it easier to tell King Kong from—OH, THE HELL WITH IT! The Chorus enters and sings "Lay That Pistol Down." Prince Haff is executed on the spot as an anarchist. He is better off dead as he was always going around half-cocked anyway. The curtain falls rapidly, killing the prompter who wasn't as prompt as he could have been.

Act III. As the curtain rises we find Princess Droussy sleep in her boudoir. The chorus files out after singing her to sleep with that delightful lullaby "He Says Murder, He Says." Queen Glfhmd enters, dagger in hand. It seems that the Queen needs the insurance money to pay off her debts at Arlington. She sings

"With Plenty of Money From You." At this moment a faithful retainer steps out of the closet and beheads Queen Glfhmd. This leads directly to the high point of the opera when Queen Glfhmd's head sings "I Ain't Got Nobody." Princess Doussy awakes feeling drousy. The Retainer speaks "Daisy"—and dies gurgling with her Bowie knife (she carried it with her so that she could pick her teeth at any time) in his throat. They were lovers and she had long suspected him of perfidy. Droussy then sings her dousy Aria "Daisy, Daisy, On a Bicycle Built for Two." As she sings the chorus enters armed with sub-machine guns and blasts her. The chorus is actually Killer Diller's gang in disguise. They sing "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, It's Off to Work We Go" and rob the Royal strong box, which was only a weak imitation. The orchestra leader lays down his baton and arrests them in the name of Jerry, a pseudonym he'd been using for several years. A wild gun fight ensues, ending in an explosion which destroys the opera house.



"How many hearts have you broken?"

A MATTER OF COURSE

	ROMANCE LANGUAGES	ENGLISH	EDUCATION	COMMERCE	J. SCHOOL	GARRET
THEY OFFER:	Languages, no romance.	Milton, Clauener and Fink.	Jobs.	Statistics.		Services.
BEST PROFESSOR:	Mr. Johnson.	Franklin Bliss Snyder	He's been drafted.	Wm. Springle.		God.
BEST COURSE:	Dialects of old Icelandic.	Old Norse.	Practice teaching	Confabulous-salsud		"You and Christ."
TYPICAL STUDENT:	Kitty Weaver.	Madelon Golden.	No, typical student would be in this school.	Phillip J. Heyboer.		Barley Grimes.
ADVANTAGES:	San doute.	See Clariss Ross.	None.	Are you kidding?		My God, man!
THEY SAY:	Who is this Mrs. Spamm?	Natch.	Huh?	Ro de do.		Prayers.
THEY READ:	The Cid. El Cid. Le Cid. O Cid.	Wm. Otto's Decline and Fall of English B.	Books, what are them?	"Smilin' Jack."		The Bible.
FAVORITE MEETING PLACE:	Fisk Garret	Under the Rock.	The Tower in old College, Circa 1861.	Little Club.		Chapel.
EFFORT REQUIRED:	Must be able to hide dic- tionary in one hand while writing with the other.	See Clariss Ross.	Ha!	A hellava lot.		Depends on where you want to go.

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and good music
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Meet"*

1614 HOWARD

Strife Goes To A Party

(Continued from page 9)

ter's time, S.C. will post names of new initiates chosen for the committee.

Later in the week the group who knows a town girl makes hushed plans for a private pre-formal cocktail party. The town girl, realizing what exposure will mean,¹ agrees.

"Okay, but only if you promise to chip in, and we can't have any more than 60 people."

The night of the formal arrives as do the 456 couples at the cocktail party. After imbibing light refreshments someone accidentally leans against a light switch.

From this point on any remarks that we could make would be superfluous.

At nine the band begins to play at the P and E Club.² At nine³ the 34 couples who do not know

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the town girl, arrive. They have decided to come early and avoid the rush. During the eleven o'clock intermission⁴ a few of the couples⁵ find their way to the bar.

At twelve o'clock, the four couples who are not taking overnights,⁶ leave in order to be home by two, what with the thirty-five m.p.h. speed limit and two miles to go.

A good time is had by all. With a few exceptions.⁷

¹She still owes 2 red points from chapter dinner, April 9, 1943.

²Pixley and Ehlers.

³Nine minutes past eleven.

⁴The band is featured nightly on an eleven o'clock show broadcast from Navy Pier.

⁵Approximately 34 in number.

⁶Heh, heh, heh.

⁷The sophomores attended the pep rally.



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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

Pretty Girls...

(Continued from page 5)

but no one paid any attention. Finally Riorita picked it up.

"Hello. What? Wait a minute. Hey, kids, shut up, willya? Hello, yes? Why, no, I'm afraid not. No, I'm sorry. Absolutely not, Mr. Evans, our records show you've *already* voted eight times!"

DEANS TO JUDGE FINALISTS IN CAHN TODAY

There was hardly a whisper in the packed auditorium, as the nervous judges filed onto the stage and took their seats.

Dean MacBoiley, chairman of the judging committee, rose to his feet, and came toward the front of the stage, a paper in his hand. There was a solemn hush. Dean MacBoiley ran a finger under his collar, cleared his throat three times, and spoke.

"We, the Deans of this University, and judging committee of this contest, do make the following awards: the first prize goes to Miss Alicia Allwyn, Gamma Phi Beta. The second prize goes to Miss Sandra Storm, Alpha Phi."

There was a great clap of thunder. The lights in the auditorium went out. With a gasp of terror, the audience turned toward the back of the room, where, in the dim shadows, one man could be seen, sitting alone, the pride and the prize of the university, its honor and glory, D. D. Dunningham. Slowly he rose to his feet.

"Sirs," he cried, in a voice shaken with fury, "*my wife was a Kappa Kappa Gamma!*"

The conductor's shoulders seemed to slump. "That's about all there is to tell," he said. "Next day the Board of Trustees, after a heated session, requested the resignation of every member of the faculty. After the professors had all packed up and left—most of them retired to Cape Cod—the students sat around for a few days, not knowing quite what to do. Then they all applied for admission to the University of Chicago. Nobody has ever had the energy to start this place up again."

"What a terrible thing," said the Harvard man.



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The PURPLE PEOPLE

● And that brings us around to *Phil Heyboer*, whose activities between the *Tri Delt* house and the *Delta Gamma* house we watch with increasing amazement and respect. On one afternoon, we were almost convinced that he was twins, we saw him with so many different young women. But then we know that he is merely doing his part to show the girls in the west quad that college can be beautiful.

● We keep hoping that *Peg Rote* and *Guy Randolph* will realize what a fine couple they make, and quit making nervous wrecks of us. As we heard the story, *Guy* took *Nancy Clayton* out the other Saturday night, and *Sam Shelton* took *Peg*. And just as we expected, they exchanged dates. Aha, we said, and breathed easily. But there was no follow-up, no future engagement made, and things are in a state of suspended animation.

● There is almost no-one we admire more these days than the girl with the pin and/or ring who con-

tinues to date with quite regular frequency just to keep her spirits up. We think, for instance, that it is noble of *Carolyn Covert* not to let *Bob Schaller's* Beta pin weigh too heavily. And we are charmed with the casual way in which *Ann Gilbert* takes *Bob Leckie's* Phi Delt pin. And just in case the news hadn't reached you yet, were you aware that *Bobbie Stugard* will soon add a diamond to that pin she has from the med student in the East. Or did you know she had a pin? Many don't.

● To return to the *Pi Phis*, which we seem to keep doing, everyone is getting a kick out of Man-hater *Pat Kleinschmit's* Beta pin. That is, everyone except *Frank Clement* whom we rather think is still carrying the torch. We say this after watching him religiously draw arrows, $\Pi B\Phi$'s, and blondes all over every thing within reaching distance. Now Poos!

● This is our month to be glad. First we are glad to know that, come what may, there will always be a Vits to lead us on. So far we are taken care of through 1948 which is good enough for us. The second thing that made us glad was the return of spirits at the De Pauw-N. U. game, and we thank those inseparables, *Joan Grubb* and *Ruth Goldkamp*, and their respective dates, for said revival.

● Well, that's all for now. We don't know about you but we're off to pin the *Alpha* on the *Phi*.

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"This Hurts Me"

"Corporal George Travis!"

Corporal Travis looked up hopefully, and shouted, "Here!" A pastel blue envelope came sailing in his general direction from the mail orderly. After a mad scramble, and several shouted directions from Corporal Travis, he gained actual possession of the slightly scented missile, and clutched it eagerly. He decided not to open it immediately, but wait to see whether he would receive any others, and besides, it was better to read the blue ones alone. When the last letter had found its rightful owner, and the men had begun drifting away with their noses buried in these fragments of home, Corporal Travis walked toward a certain spot out in back of the mess hall where he liked to read his more personal mail.

When he was quite sure he was alone, George opened the letter, spread it out and leaned back to enjoy its contents. His smile of contentment was observed by none, but would have been a pleasure to behold.

"Dear George," it began.

"That's funny," he thought, "it usually began 'Dearest,' and that was all."

"This is one of the most difficult letters I have ever had to write—" George's smile faded into a hurt, puzzled look. Through a slight mist, he read of things being different, of a girl wanting some fun out of life, and of a certain discharged Marine—George

let the letter fall into his lap and stared listlessly at nothing in particular, Libby, he thought, had seemed different. And now, what the hell good was that sergeant's rating he'd been bucking for; and what the hell good was that house he was going to buy; and—oh, what the hell good was anything?

George was aware that someone had sat down beside him. It was Tech Sergeant Hoy from headquarters, a genial sort who had a wonderful faculty for convincing a fellow that things weren't so bad after all. George half resented his presence just now, and yet was just a little relieved to have some one to talk to.

For Hoy had already started a conversation. "I got one of them kinda letters once," he said, seeming to grasp the whole situation, "and it gave me one helluva jolt. It was before I was in the Army—back about eight years ago." Hoy's hand was placed gently on the Corporal's shoulder as he spoke. "Why, when I look at my wife—I met her a little later on—I wouldn't spit on that girl who give me the brush. Course, I know it's hard to look at it that way now—"

"But, gee, Hoy, she was so—perfect." George interrupted.

"I know, I know," the Sergeant returned soothingly. "But—"

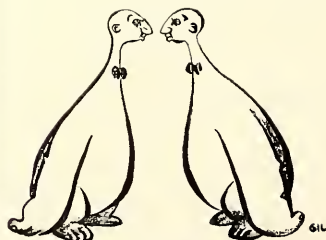
"And, well, a guy begins to feel he ain't worth much when a thing like this happens," George interrupted again.

"Aw, now look," Sergeant Hoy said, "She ain't the only girl around. Why should you go getting discouraged just cuz one girl happens to—"

"But that's just it," came back Corporal Travis miserably. "This is the third girl that's jilted me this week!"

Recent Headline in *New York Times*: "Roosevelt to speak in Philadelphia; may go elsewhere."

Is there any place else?



"You always hurt the one
you love."

How to Stay Awake In Class!

(one easy lesson)

*No further need—
to pinch yourself
or listen to the lecture*

*Just think of cokes
and creamy malts.
(We have them at the
Dipper)*

*With thoughts of these
sustain yourself,
and after class—
ENJOY THEM!*

THE BIG DIPPER

Across from Willard

A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted each month, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver Flavors. Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication.



Friends, please consider young Albert, above:

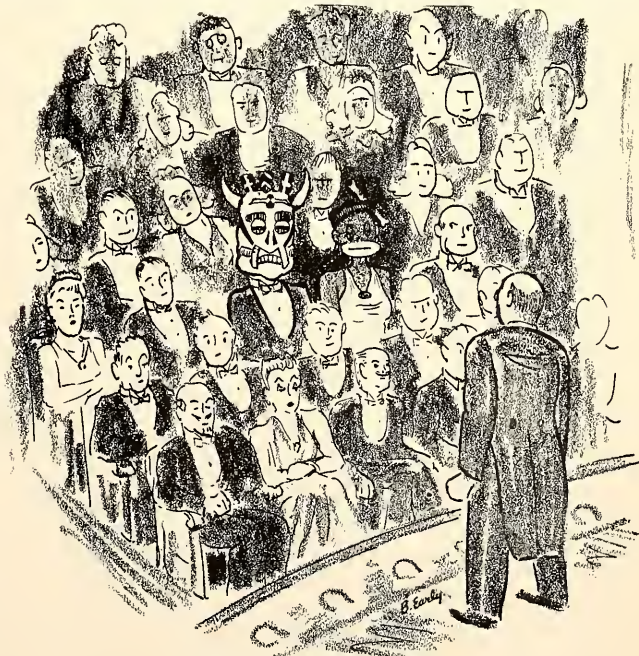
Albert was once a stranger to love.

Shunned, was young Albert, alone till the day
PEP-O-MINT's took his bad breath away.

MORAL: Everybody's breath
offends now and then. Let Life
Savers sweeten and freshen
your breath—after eating, drink-
ing, and smoking.



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"Would the gentleman in the
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(Continued from page 3)

Dear Editors:

The Texas College of Mines Publications Board has authorized the publication of a monthly college magazine for next year. I have been told that THE PURPLE PARROT is an excellent example of what a college magazine should be. As editor, I would appreciate your sending me any back issue of THE PURPLE PARROT so that I could get some ideas on layout, typography, content, etc. In return I would be glad to send you a copy of our new magazine this September.

Thanking you in advance, I am
Very truly yours,

Ann Waller
Editor

Thanking YOU in advance.

TO THE EDITORS:

Some of your readers may be interested in the positions described below. It will be appreciated if you will print this information as a news item.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Connor
REGIONAL DIRECTOR

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

WAR DEPARTMENT NEEDS COOKS

The War Department is urgently in need of cooks. These positions are in Chicago and will pay 94 cents per hour with time and one half for all time over a 40 hour week.

Persons employed at their highest skills should not apply.

We suggest you contact:

James Elliot McCauley, Phillip Desmond, Howard Clehm, John Peterson, The James Brothers.

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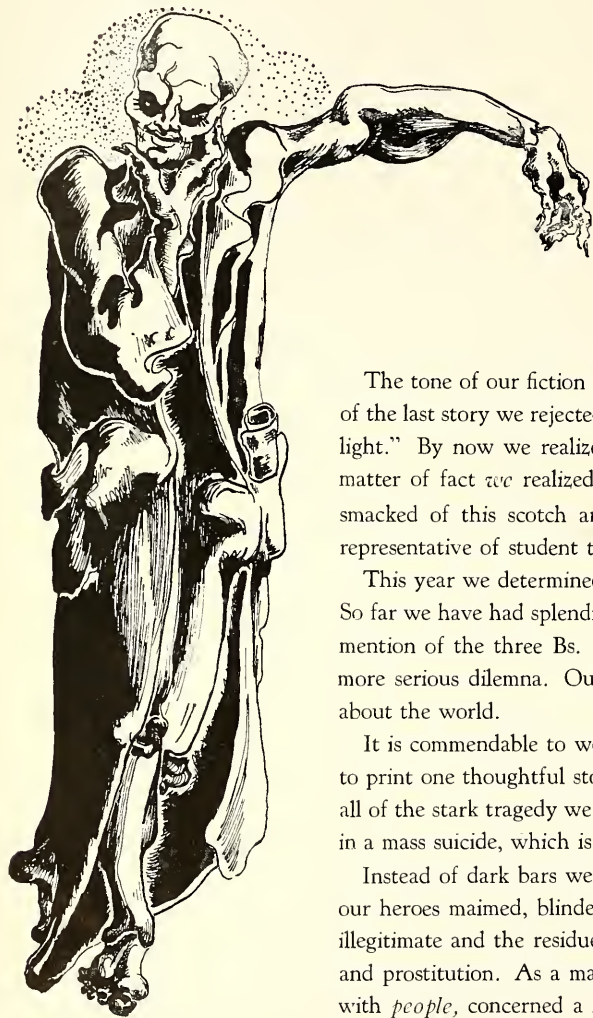
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Claire Heavey will be warm as a tamale when the mercury goes into a tailspin. Three-quarter coat in Forest Mink-Dyed Muskrat, 394.80. (Price includes federal excise tax.) Fur Salon. CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO



Leave Us Face It



Dear Readers,

THIS IS OUR PROBLEM. For years we have been badgered, plagued and just generally annoyed by all manner of acid comment upon our copy. In the preceding years the most common complaints were that our stories lacked beginnings, conclusions, and in general, the middles were uninteresting.

The tone of our fiction in the past could be summed up in the first line of the last story we rejected last year: "The bar was dark and the beer was light." By now we realize how you feel about this sort of thing. As a matter of fact *we* realized it then. However, since all our contributions smacked of this scotch and smoke flavor, we printed such, thinking it representative of student taste.

This year we determined never again to mention bars, beers or Bergen. So far we have had splendid cooperation on this score. There has been no mention of the three Bs. Oh no! But now we find ourselves in an even more serious dilemma. Our staff and all of our contributors are worried about the world.

It is commendable to worry about the world and we shall be delighted to print one thoughtful story in each issue. However, if we were to print all of the stark tragedy we have received so far, the campus would indulge in a mass suicide, which is hardly the collegiate approach to any problem.

Instead of dark bars we now find our heroines married to basket cases, our heroes maimed, blinded or psychotic; children either pock-marked or illegitimate and the residue of the copy devoted to funerals, war hysteria and prostitution. As a matter of fact, the only story which did not deal with *people*, concerned a horse and he was shot.

Now we ask you, are these the sorts of things which a magazine of collegiate life should be asked to publish *exclusively*? We think not. We think you think not.

We know there are people who like to read humor. There **MUST** be people who like to write humor. But where the hell are they? If they are your friends, ask them to submit copy. If they are your pledges, tell them. Leave us shed our shrouds.

The Editors



"Talking It Over" painted by Rudolf Wettlau

Home

Home is a lot of little things—the way you want 'em. A certain chair, and the ticking of a clock, the smell of what's on the stove, your old hat, and good friends.

And among these is a pipeful of tobacco, and plenty of time to enjoy it.

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